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W. Bronscombe, 1st 1908

Northern Messenger

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Under Henry 'Beauclerc.'

I think some of my young readers can tell me who Henry 'Beauclerc' was, who was his father, and when he began to reign, and how he lost his only son, Prince William. But it is not of King Henry I have to tell you, but of a great Norman Baron, Ralph de Cours, who lived in his reign, and was one of his richest nobles. De Cours had a strong castle by the seashore, but it has long since crumbled to decay.

There was once a very sore feeling between the Norman and Saxons, and in the hamlet

near the forest lived a young Saxon named Arthur, who hated De Cours, and who cherished this angry feeling to such an extent that he made up his mind to kill him. Not that he would have helped the Saxons by doing so, but he wickedly longed to gratify his hatred of the Baron who lived at the castle. Arthur had a good wife, and she asked God to soften her husband's heart; but she shuddered one day when Arthur told her he had heard the Baron would be hunting in the forest before long. 'And then,' he said, 'let him meet the same fate as William Rufus. Would that every Norman could be blotted out from the earth!'

Arthur kept his dark resolve, and, drawing his bow, shot at De Cours as he rode among the trees; but the Baron had perceived his intention, and swerved aside, calling him by name.

Finding he was recognized, Arthur made his escape, and hid himself for weeks in the thick woods, only coming at evening sometimes to see his wife and his little daughter. His life now was wretched; for ever on the watch against capture by De Cours, not able to take advantage of his happy home, he was indeed most miserable.

One morning his wife sought him in the thicket where he was living, outlawed by his guilty attempt, and told him that wee Freda had strayed away, and she had heard that De Cours had found her in the woodland paths, and caught her up beside him on horseback.

'They will kill my darling, my birdie!' groaned the unhappy father. 'De Cours will have her tortured to death when he discovers whose child she is. I must go up to the castle and surrender myself; thus only can I save my child.'

'But, Arthur, they say these Normans have deep, dark dungeons. What will become of you? Shall I never see you again?'

'I must save our child,' was his only answer. And the poor wife knew her only help was in fervent prayer to the God alike of strong and weak.

Arthur entered the courtyard of the castle for the first time, and besought audience of De Cours. As he waited, watched by the sentinel, who wondered what the Saxon's business could be, and knew not this was the man who had nearly murdered the Baron, he looked across to the fair country where his forefathers had been Thanes so long, and he took a yearning farewell of sunshine, home, and sky.

'What want you with me?' asked the Baron's voice ere long beside him. 'You are called the Thane Arthur, are you not? I know you —a forester of gentle blood, but vengeful nature.'

'Take my freedom, my life,' cried Arthur, throwing himself at the Baron's feet, 'but spare my little Freda. I surrender myself to you, for my child is in your power. Even now, perchance, she is tortured; or, tell me the worst, is she killed?'

'You think ill of me, but come and see her,' said the Baron, leading the way up a stone staircase to a spacious room. And Arthur followed, half blind with agony and suspense.

In the arms of the lady of the castle lay little Freda, nestled to sleep. The Baron and his lady had lost three little ones, and the stray bird had been most tenderly sheltered by them. Arthur, strong man as he was, burst into tears as he saw his child so fondly cared for in the house of his enemy.

'Do you think I war with babes?' asked the Baron, smiling. 'Arthur, you erred when you drew that arrow. I am no enemy to the Saxon race. I long to heal their wounds, and to feel that the whole country is at peace. Go home in safety; I shall not revenge myself by hurting you. Next time you will know me better, and you will not repeat such an attempt.'

'I will not go home, noble heart!' cried Arthur. 'I will devote myself to your service, and protect you from your foes. I have misjudged you too long; let me learn nobility and honor from you now.'

The Baron looked well pleased, and answered:

'Your friendship will calm the fears of every Saxon round me; at present they will not believe I am anxious to satisfy their pleas. Arthur, I have heard you can use a bow right well, and there are other weapons in which you will soon be skilled, though Heaven forbid that warfare should ever be heard around these walls. Come to the castle as my esquire, and the Lady de Cours will find room for the good lady whom this little one calls 'Mother.' As for sweet Freda, she shall be dear to me as my own.'

The time came when little Freda inherited the Baron's wealth and lands, and was proclaimed mistress of the castle. The Saxons around were satisfied that one of their own race ruled them, and strong, stern hearts were moved when she told them that the great Norman Baron's dying words had been, as his retainers wept for the loss of one so mighty and so merciful, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'—Margaret Hayeraft in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

The Courage That Can Face Failure.

A few years ago a strong man felt the approaches of incipient disease, and consulted his family physician. The doctor looked more grave than he expected, and after several office visits suggested a visit to a specialist. He also looked grave, and the patient said:

'You needn't hesitate to tell me the truth.

What's the matter with me, and what must I do to get better?'

'You are not likely to be any better,' replied the specialist. 'I can only confirm what your own physician has feared from the first. You have only a few months to live.'

It was a blow to stagger any man, and most of all a strong man.

'It can't be true, doctor!' he said. 'Why, see how well I am except for this little discomfort! I have always been well. I have had so much health I haven't known what to do with it. You must be mistaken!'

But the silence of the physician told him more than argument, and he sat there with a sinking sensation as the truth slowly forced itself upon him. When he rose to go he turned faint and reeled.

'Sorry to trouble you so,' he said, as his strength came back. 'You see, it's a total surprise. I don't quite know how I'm going to adjust myself to it. I have had all the nerve I've needed hitherto, but I don't know how my courage will hold out with nothing to hope for.'

To face death calmly when life has ebbed out and the pulse beats slow is not so remarkable a test, but to feel well and strong and yet know that death is inevitable is quite another matter. To fight for life while hope is hanging in the balance is almost instinctive, and the struggle brings its own supply of desperate courage; but to wait calmly for death while full of all the joys of living calls for courage of another order.

His first thought was of his family, his next of his Christian faith. He said to himself, 'If I have any religion this is the time when it ought to be an asset.' He began testing his faith at a new place, to see if it would bear his weight.

It held.

The test was not an easy one. There were impulses of hot rebellion. There were days when he doubted and questioned. But the comfort grew of a faith that believed that God still lived and was good.

The signs which the doctors had seen were not long in showing their full meaning. He had scant time to adjust his business and set his house in order. Then he lay down to die.

Courage to face a hopeless issue—that was what he prayed for. Faith to be strong when love was at flood-tide and the world looked beautiful and inviting—this was what he sought.

He shut his eyes and looked in imagination up and down the street, and pictured to himself the activities of his neighbors and friends, then opened them again and saw the four walls, and remembered that he was never to move outside them. In the long waking hours of night his mind went by leaps that seemed to compass his whole life in a single bound, and then came back to the invariable and inevitable issue.

In those nights there was a verse from one of the old prophets that ran through and through his mind. It sang itself to the air of a cantata in which he had sung when a young man.

The first part had a tender melody of trust, the last a strong and confident movement, where the soprano flowed in an even tone and the bass rose with full and increasing volume:

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'

He sang it through to himself a hundred times. A hundred? Yes, a million, it seemed to him, and it expressed his growing calmness and rising faith.

He died at last, cut off in the midst of his years, mourned by a multitude of friends. But his life, which had been pure and strong, was crowned by those closing weeks in which he not only learned, but unconsciously taught, the lesson of a faith that gives courage, both for the fight that may be won, and for the sorrow for which the only hope lies in the life everlasting.—'Youth's Companion.'

Vice is to be prohibited, let the difficulties in executing the law be what they may.—Lord Chesterfield.

An Encouragement for Distributors.

A French soldier returning from Tonkin landed for a stroll in Calcullta. A little black boy offered him a tract; he declined, saying he did not understand the language as he was French. The boy exclaimed, 'Oh, I have something in French,' and ran away to fetch it. He returned with a French copy of the Gospel by Luke. The soldier was glad to receive something in his own language, and put the book into his pocket, with thanks.

In the Red Sea, being ill and feeling wearied, he thought he would read the little book. It deeply interested him, and God blessed it unto his soul's salvation. He has become a believer, and as 'soldier' in the Salvation Army he related the above incident at a meeting in Paris.—'The Christian.'

Our Price.

During the Indian Mutiny, at the capture of Lucknow, the English infantry brigade was made to take shelter at the back of a low mud wall. Sir Colin Campbell every now and again turned round when a man was hit, and called out, 'Lie down, Ninety-third, lie down! Every man of you is worth his weight in gold in England to-day.' If this was true of these men, then it is much more true of even the humblest of us in the estimation of God; shown by the price He paid for us—'His only begotten Son.'—The 'Quiver.'

Religious Notes.

The missionary prospect in Persia is now a bright one. The medical mission begun in 1879 by the Church Missionary Society has already accomplished great things. Persian princes and governors use and protect the medical missionaries, who are also well received among all ranks of the population. Last year 25 adults were baptized by the C.M.S., which now numbers 184 baptized converts. This rate of progress is not fast, but in all Mohammedan lands the word is slowly! slowly! The late shah removed many restrictions, but the free circulation of the Bible is still forbidden; personal exceptions alone are allowed. Much will depend on whether English or Russian influence prevails in Persia. Russia's defeat in the East will have its effect all over Asia.—'Evangelical Christendom.'

The Basutoland Mission, founded in 1833 by three young Frenchmen, marked the beginning of a remarkable movement among that darkened people toward the Gospel. The tribe numbers 400,000 persons, and of these 20,000 are now members of the native church, while 30,000 have been in greater or less degree brought under Gospel influences. In the matter of self-support, the Basuto native church set itself nobly to realize the ideal set before it by the missionaries, and has for years provided for its own expenses as well as for those of the native pastors. The members have also responded readily to the call to evangelize the heathen members of their race, and of the £5,000 a year which is found necessary for this purpose they are at present regularly raising about £4,000. There were formerly 20 European missionaries on the staff, but as the native pastors have increased—there being now 13 such helpers at work—it has not been thought necessary to fill up recent vacancies, and the number is now 17. The European missionaries express a very high sense of the value of the work of the native brethren, with whom they meet in council on terms of perfect equality, and to whose number they hope to add. In addition to the efforts carried on at the main centers, there are some 397 out-stations and schools worked by native helpers.

Rev. J. Qalandar, Indian pastor, now working among the Mohammedans of Lucknow, but who for the last six years has been theological tutor in the Divinity School, Allahabad, says that amid all the hubbub and bustle of the great Kumbh Mela (the religious fair which once in 12 years takes the place of the Magh Mela at Allahabad) it was most encouraging to find earnest seekers after the Truth stretching out their hands toward the Light. The most curious group was a band of seven sadduh who called themselves Christians, but were unbaptized and had strange notions about Christianity. The leader of the land called himself Christ because, he said, 'Christ dwells in me.' He supported his claim from St. John and had a wooden sword hanging around him which he called the 'sword of the Spirit.' Although he talked of the baptism of the Spirit his knowledge of Christianity is very superficial and peculiar. Such incidents are indications of how deep an impression Christ is making on the people of India. We know that nothing short of full surrender will bring them light and life.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

The holiday season has brought cheering reports of our work among the famine orphans at Dhar, Central India, though the latest speaks of the dread possibility of famine, as up to the time of writing there had scarcely been any rain at the season when all crops depend upon the abundance of it; prayer was being offered daily for rain, and we earnestly hope our next report will bring the good news of it having fallen copiously. The possibility of famine has caused a great rise in the price of foodstuffs.

Recently eleven girls who had formed themselves into a class for special religious instruction, greatly pleased their instructor by the spirit they showed and the knowledge they possessed. After due preparation and very careful investigation the missionaries had the joy of seeing them accepted as church members. A little before this two of the boys also were baptized. This earnest striving of both girls and boys after the higher life is cause for great thankfulness and much encouragement.

The All India Competitive Examinations took place on the 20th of July, and all the children were very busy and excited preparing for them. They enter under four classes, senior, middle, junior and oral for those who are too young to write or unable to do so; certificates will be given to all who pass, and in addition silver medals to the few who stand highest in the respective divisions. Unfortunately it will be months before the results are known, as these examinations are tremendous affairs.

A short time since two of the older girls were married to Christian young men of the community, and we are much pleased to note that three others who were married previously are engaging in Christian work, one as a teacher of the little girls and the other two in the hospital.

Each year the society gives the children a Christmas treat, for which we raise a small special subscription, so will our members and friends who would like to assist in giving this great pleasure to the children kindly bear it in mind, as the Treasurer would like to have the money in hand by the end of September, so that it may be sent with the ordinary monthly remittance in October.

Our Special Industrial Fund has now reached $867.15. We are aiming at $3,000.00 for the development of industrial work in connection with our orphanage. This we realize will be one of the most important factors in the usefulness and stability of the work. By making the boys capable workmen we shall be ensuring them the means of making a decent living, and by their work they will do much towards supporting themselves during the latter part of the time they are in the orphanage. The carpentry work has been exceedingly successful, though carried on in very limited quarters. Better accommodation will give largely increased results, and we hope to start other branches of work, ironwork and blacksmithing, and possibly tile making. If we can start these industries they will be self-supporting, so we trust many who are interested in the welfare of our Christian converts in India will feel it a pleasure and privilege to help with this Industrial Fund. Any further information desired can be obtained from the secretary treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 142 Langside St., Winnipeg, to whom all subscriptions should be sent. The cost of maintaining a child in the orphanage is $18.00 a year, which includes the society's annual membership fee of $1.00.

LESSON—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. 1907.

The Death of Moses.

Deut. 34: 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12. Read Deut. 31-34.

Golden Text.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—Psa. 116: 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 16.—Deut. xxxi., 1-15.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.—Deut. xxxi., 16-30.

Wednesday, Sept. 18.—Deut. xxxii., 1-18.

Thursday, Sept. 19.—Deut. xxxii., 19-36.

Friday, Sept. 20.—Deut. xxxii., 37-52.

Saturday, Sept. 21.—Deut. xxxiii., 1-20.

Sunday, Sept. 22.—Deut. xxxiv., 1-12.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

You are all back at school again by now, aren't you? Because the summer holidays came to an end, and the end of the holidays meant the beginning of school. Every time and day in our life must have an end somewhere, but we don't need to be sad about that, because the end of our time only means the beginning of another, does it not? Do you remember what great man we have been studying about, and how many years he led the Israelites through the wilderness? Yes it is Moses I mean, and can anyone tell me how old Moses is in our lesson to-day? Look in the seventh verse of our lesson. One hundred and twenty years old means a very long life. Do you remember where Moses was born? Yes, in Egypt, and he spent forty years of his life there.

Pass in rapid review, drawing the story if possible from the children, the account of his life there and the subsequent forty years as a shepherd after his flight from Egypt, then the forty years of guiding Israel on the journey to Caanan.

So Moses had had a very long, changeful, and busy life. When you thought that the holidays were ended, you felt rather sorry, didn't you? But next June when you think that school will soon be over, do you think you will feel very sad? Our lesson to-day is called 'The Death of Moses.' Death means the end of this life, but just as the end of school means the beginning of the holidays so death just means the beginning of a better life, that is if we have God for our guide.

Try to make the children understand that there need be no fear of death if we are ready as Moses was. The Israelites were going on into a beautiful land, but God was taking Moses to one far better.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The great life work of Moses was over. He had led the people to the very point of success when God's message came that his part was finished. The work of conquering the new land was to be left in younger hands, handed over to one, however, in whom Moses lived again, for Joshua had been a constant attendant on Moses for the past forty years. There must have been great comfort to Moses in this. Clear-eyed and strong to the last it must have seemed almost impossible to the people as they listened to his wonderful orations, his passionate exhortations, and fervent words of blessing, that death could be imminent. But Moses had heard the call and was ready. God has purposely shrouded his death and burial in mystery. We have the glorious light of his life to rejoice in, a life whose influence is world wide to-day, and his death was a passing to be with God.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

By common consent Moses is the most fascinating figure of Old Testament times. If the tides of affection run deep and strong toward this hero, it is because his manhood compels admiration, as surely as the moon compels the tides in their forward flow. Doubtless many elements of mind and heart combined to give this leader his unique place and influence. Men of morals admire Moses because he put the laws of right and wrong in form so clear that they still hold in all courts of justice. Men of faith revere him because he is the teacher of those who endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Men of intellect reverence Moses because of his many-sided greatness, for he is the one myriad-minded man. Practical men look up to him because by way of preeminence he is the man of achievement who gets things done; the natural king, as Carlyle said, who melts all wills into his. The story of his deeds is the most amazing story in the history of great men.—Newell Dwight Hillis, in 'Moses the Typical Hero and Leader.'

It is fitting that we should recognize the comforting fact that each one leaves his own little bit of work in the great edifice which God is rearing through the centuries, and which is to be at last for his own habitation through the Spirit. When Moses dies, God has Joshua fully trained to take his place; when Elijah steps into the chariot that is to take him to glory, God has Elisha there in readiness to receive his falling mantle; when Stephen is stoned to death, Paul is prepared by God to take up his mission. Thus, though the man disappears, his work is carried forward, and is, through the energizing influence of God's spirit, made operative through the ages.—William H. Taylor.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'Inspiration apart, Moses possessed all those endowments and qualities which form the consummate statesman and chief magistrate: an intellect of the highest order; a perfect mastery of all the civil wisdom of the age; a penetrating, comprehensive, and sagacious judgment; great promptness and energy in action; patriotism which neither ingratitude, ill treatment nor rebellion could quench, or even cool; a commanding and persuasive eloquence; a hearty love of truth; an incorruptible virtue; an entire freedom from selfish ambition; an invincible hatred of tyranny and injustice; a patient endurance of toil; a courageous contempt of danger; and a greatness of soul in which he has never been surpassed by the most admired heroes of ancient or modern times. Comprehensiveness, grasp, force, sagacity were the predominant characteristics of his mind; magnanimity, disinterestedness, an enthusiastic devotion to liberty, and an ardent but rational piety, the leading qualities of his heart.'—Wines, in 'Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews,' p. 126.

Two or three times some fault is attributed to Moses, as every saint has failed in some point at some time. There is no garden but has some weeds. But the most unjust thing we can do is to measure its value by its weeds and not by its fruits. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Moses' few faults are such that they would never be noticed at all in a worldly man. They are like a broken limb on a tree loaded with magnificent fruit. All God's works through men are done by imperfect instruments.

'We, also, careless of a monument by the grave, should build it in the world—a monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.'—Ruskin.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Heb. xi., 13-16; ix., 27; John xi., 26; Phil. i., 21; Rom. xiv., 8; Psa. xxiii., 4; John ix., 38; Prov. x., 7; 2 Tim. ix., 7, 8.

C. E. Topic.

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

Sunday, Sept. 22.—Topic— God's omnipotence. 1 Chron. xxix., 9-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

SAFE IN GOD'S CARE.

Monday, Sept. 16.—Why Daniel was condemned. Dan vi., 11-13.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.—The king's decree. Dan. vi., 14-18.

Wednesday, Sept. 18.—A second decree. Dan. vi., 25-28.

Thursday, Sept. 19.—Trust makes us safe. Prov. xxix., 25.

Friday, Sept. 20.—God will protect. Ps. iii., 4-6.

Saturday, Sept. 21.—God preserves His saints. Prov. ii., 8.

Sunday, Sept. 22.—Topic—Daniel in the lions' den. Dan. xi., 19-23.

Bible Study.

To get the most possible out of Bible study system is essential.

1. Study Daily.—Fifteen or twenty minutes of daily study of next Sunday's lesson is better than whole hours massed together upon a single day. Study cannot be forced at the last moment. It takes time for it to grow.

2. Study Regularly.—Have a fixed hour for study, and set inflexibly aside everything that conflicts with it. The busiest Sunday school teacher can do this if he wills to do it, whatever his secular engagements.

3. Study when Freshest.—The evening hour when body and mind are worn by the day's labors, is the least profitable for Bible study. Yet a time early in the day before business begins, and there will be great gain, both educationally and spiritually.

4. Begin at Once.—Begin Sunday afternoon, while the heart and mind are yet warm with the lesson just taught. A good beginning tends toward a good ending. Do not procrastinate. The bane of many teachers is in waiting for 'a more convenient season.'

5. Form a Habit of Study.—The mind is as much a creature of habit as the body. It does its best work periodically. The fixed habit of daily study of the Bible at a definite hour soon becomes a source of pleasure and of power. But it takes a determined will and much patience to hold one's self to the habit. Once formed, it is worth all and more than it costs.—'Living Epistles.'

The Pastor's Place in the Sunday School.

The pastor's place is on the inside. Instead of declaring that it is his imperative duty to be there, I feel constrained to say that it will be his pleasure and his habit to be there. His absence is out of all propriety, a blow at the school, a reflection upon Biblical study, and a bad example for everybody. It is a waste of an opportunity, the cruel sacrifice of a privilege, and a signal proof that he does not know his own business. The presence of the pastor will be an unanswerable argument in favor of others coming.

'The short, sharp, snappy questions wake things up. Deliver us from the slow, long-drawn, involved breed. Don't talk so much. Get your pupils to say something about the subject in hand. They will remember the things they tell you long after they have forgotten what you said. Be brief. Nothing so assists clearness as this. It is the well-aimed, quick blow that tells.—'S. S. Teacher.'

A Fair Question.

If a teacher knows so little about the lesson he would teach that he cannot ask questions concerning it without having those questions printed or written, all the time before his eyes, how can he expect his scholars to know enough about that lesson to answer those questions without having the printed or written answers always before their eyes? —Selected.

Don't expect to set your class on fire if your own soul is not aflame. And don't expect your own heart to be on fire if you do not furnish the fuel. Read, think, pray and then pray and think and read.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XLIII.

How did it all happen? Walter Bardsley was right enough. Drink, and drink only, was to blame, Dick Bardsley had been spending the morning at a neighboring village. He did not miss the luncheon much, however, for there was plenty of similar stuff to that which was provided in the marquee to be obtained where he was, and he did obtain it to some purpose. First with one comer and then with another he occupied the public bar all the morning drinking 'success to the new railway,' in a far more 'generous' liquor than claret.

Most of his companions stated it to be their intention to walk into Netherborough to have a look at the trains, and haply to dare the dangers of a ride to Brocklesbank. Most suggested to him that he should go, too, and so, when after a bit he found himself deserted, and could get no other folk to come and drink with him, he decided he would go and have a ride.

Unfortunately, his horse had been standing saddled and bridled, or otherwise he would have had to have stayed where he was, for he was in such a state that he could certainly neither have saddled the horse himself, or have walked in, and there was nobody else left in the village to do it for him. As it was, when he had once got into the saddle he was fairly safe, and perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, might have landed home all right. As it was, he managed well enough till he got within sight of the station at Netherborough, and then he was disgusted and annoyed to find that those miserable, new-fangled gates were shut against him. He worked himself up into a drunken rage at what he evidently regarded as a personal insult to himself, vented his spleen on his horse, put him at the gate, and leapt it just as a train from Brocklesbank was coming into the station. The horse stumbled on the iron rails, just recovered himself, was struck by the incoming train, and was killed on the spot, while Dick was hurled violently back against the gate he had just leapt, and fell, a crushed and dying mass.

At last Norwood Hayes had found out that after all his boasted strength was the most utter and absolute weakness. At last the lesson had been learnt; the lesson that takes such a lot of learning by every one of us—'When I am weak, then am I strong.' His own vacillation at the luncheon table was a revelation to him of himself. All these years he had thought, genuinely enough, too, that he knew somewhat of the love of God. And yet his knowledge of the Father was but ignorance, deacon though he was, for he had not till then got the initial step towards a knowledge of God, for he did not even know himself. He had thought himself complete master of himself. He had thought his word as good as his bond. If there was one thing he prided himself on it was his upright, manly, consistent character. To him the plan of salvation was an altogether excellent thing—for other people, those who needed it. He had never entertained the thought that he could possibly be anything but a good husband and father, and, if the truth must be told, had looked on the wife's affliction and his son's falls as trials altogether unmerited, but something on a par to the trials of Job.

No man properly appreciates the life-boat till he's drowning. No man thoroughly comprehends the value of the physician till he is deadly sick, and knows it: and so no one can realize the greatness of God till he understands his own littleness. No one can realize the love and tender compassion of the Christ, the Sin-bearer, till he understands himself to be a sinner, and in peril of his life. Then, when he sees himself unclean, and then only, does he rightly value the services of the Great Physician, and plunging unquestioning into the fountain opened for all uncleanness become once again as a little child. True, is it, the first step towards knowing God is to know ourselves.

Norwood Hayes, through the mercy of his God, had at last attained to that knowledge. In humbleness of heart he confessed his sin to his Father, and in Christ, his Saviour, found all he needed both for time and for eternity. To his pastor he expressed a desire to confess what but for the sad death of Dick Bardsley would have been his fall, what he himself would have was a fall as real as if the deed had actually been consummated.

Accordingly, at the close of the next Sunday evening service, the pastor told the congregation that their deacon, Mr. Norwood Hayes, had something he desired to say to them, and Norwood Hayes rose, and in humble and yet manly fashion told the whole truth, and neither hid nor colored anything. Told how, in his own strength, he had fought the battle and been routed, horse and foot, before the legions of the devil, and, better still, told how, in His strength, he intended thenceforth, until his dying hour, to fight the battle for his God.

The pastor, quick to seize an opportunity for the service of his Master, proclaimed a prayer-meeting. Everybody stayed. The pleasures of God's house for that night, at any rate, eclipsed the calls of supper, and such a season of refreshing followed as surpassed any in the memory of them all.

CHAPTER XLIV.

With the advent of the Rev. Edwin Hallowes and the firm stand taken by Norwood Hayes, a new era came to Netherborough in the grand work done, and then quietly, like a warrior taking his rest, he lay him down and fell asleep.

Kitty, dear little Kitty, was happy as the day was long with Jennie Bardsley, and continued so some while after this story concludes.

Norwood Hayes, strong in his new-found strength, held loyally to his pledge, and by his earnest support of Mr. Hallowes, did his best to retrieve the harm he had done in the past. Indeed, had it not been for him I think that Walter Bardsley would have fallen under the family curse.

As it was, he had one or two very narrow escapes, which he felt incapacitated him from taking up the prominent position on the public platform that he had done before the fall, but he made up for this by the manner in which he aided his pastor in training the young. He had always had a great influence with boys, and this he used to the utmost in persuading them to join the Temperance ranks. Not only did he find assistance in his father-in-law, but his sister and his wife—for Alice Bardsley became as strict a teetotaler as Jennie herself—stood by him and helped him to maintain the tremendous fight. Nevertheless, on his death-bed he thanked God that he had had no children to whom he might have bequeathed the awful love of drink.

Some two years after Cuthbert's enforced retirement, he was discharged from the asylum cured, but Norwood Hayes knew full well that only by the greatest care could he hope to save his son from the influence of the drink that had so nearly been his ruin. You may be sure that that care was exercised.

Edwin Hallowes was not long in discovering the true worth of his efficient co-worker, Jennie Bardsley. He was not long, either, in deciding that Jennie was in every way fitted to be a minister's wife. Intimately associated with her in all manner of good work, this is not to be wondered at.

So they were quietly married; and here let me say in passing, that though they have been blessed with many children, yet from that day to this not one drop of alcohol has entered their house, nor have any of their children tasted it in their lives. In this instance, therefore, was the curse of the Bardsleys broken.

As might well have been expected, Edwin Hallowes did not remain pastor of Netherborough.

My story is for the present ended; a story the chief characters of which, and the main incidents, are drawn from my own personal experience. Some of the pictures are drawn in as strong colors as I can command, and yet they are not half powerful enough. No tongue or pen can depict forcibly enough the horrors of this world-curse, and yet Christian men and women, ay, indeed, the Christian Church as a whole, is content to 'let the sleeping dog lie.' Most noble policy! Could I but hope that I had roused some slight interest in this question among the churches, I should indeed be thankful. Was not Solomon the wise right when he said, 'Wine is a mocker?' Yes, indeed, but wine is a mocker in many more senses than one.

THE END.

September 'Canadian Pictorial'

A Canadian girl sitting at the end of a pier jutting out into one of the great lakes, her head silhouetted against the setting sun, which touches the dancing water with its slanting rays—this is the cover picture of the September 'Canadian Pictorial,' the monthly which, though only in its second year, announces that there is a surprise in store next month, as it is to be enlarged considerably. In the series of distinguished Canadians, the public man chosen for this month is Sir Louis Jetté, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and Lady Jetté's picture appears in the woman's section. The result of the photographic competition is announced, the sovereign going to Ontario, and the prize picture is reproduced with several 'honorable mentions.' The important happenings of the month are illustrated: the explosion at Essex, Ont.; the fire at Old Orchard, in which half the summer hotels were destroyed and thousands of guests rendered temporarily homeless; the pilgrim Doukhobors in Winnipeg; the annual outing of the Canadian Alpine Club; the birthday of Professor Goldwin Smith. There are two pages of summer scenes in the country, and by the lakeshore that will interest everybody. The women's department includes a sketch of the work of the W.C.T.U., the Dominion convention of which is to be held this month in Winnipeg, with articles on autumnal fashions, care of the teeth, and other timely topics. Ten cents a copy; one dollar a year postpaid, the world over. The Pictorial Publishing Co., 143 St. Peter street, Montreal.

To the end of 1907, starting with the September issue, only THIRTY CENTS, or TWO for FIFTY CENTS, separately addressed if desired, anywhere in Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland or the British Isles, or to any of the following countries: Newfoundland, Malta, Gibraltar, New Zealand, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Island, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong and Cyprus.

A grand chance to remember friends abroad!

A Beautiful Face.

(The Rev. Lewis V. Price, D.D., in the New York 'Observer.')

I saw a most beautiful face,
Its beauty was not in color or form,
Nor yet in complexion or grace,
For none of these did the features adorn.

It was the beauty of a soul
Making the face to glow with holy light,
Revealing that love untold
Which giveth peace in sorrow's deepest night.

Every feature of that plain face
The queenly beauty of the soul revealed,
Leaving there neither sign nor trace
Of passion hid or selfish wrong concealed.

In every look, in every line,
Appeared the loveliness of purest mind,—
A soul following the divine
In works of faith and love for human kind.

The eye did see another's need,
The lips did speak the words of sweetest sound,
The hand did do the kindly deed,
That joy might come to hearts in sorrow found.

The Boyhood of King Edward VII.

It was William Ellery Channing who wrote that 'kings are the most solitary beings on earth'; and this undoubtedly was the case in times gone by. The boyhood of a future ruler was then watched over day and night with reverence and awe, and from the very nature of the case no youth destined for a throne could have any real chums or enjoy that boyish fun and delight which make young life worth living.

But in these days far less is thought of the 'divinity' that 'doth hedge a king,' and the future wearer of a crown is trained up very much like other boys. He mixes with those of his own age, enjoys a considerable amount of freedom, and soon shows that it is as true among the exalted as among those of humble rank that 'boys will be boys.' It is very doubtful if any boy has ever had so much care, mingled with common sense, bestowed upon his education and training as King Edward, and the ability and tact and wisdom which he has always manifested since he took a prominent part in the public life of the empire are due to the carefulness of his upbringing.

In his early childhood the king's days were spent very much like those of any other child, except that he was allowed to have his own way a good deal less than most children are in the habit of having it.

His training, with that of his brothers and sisters, was almost austere, and the children were not allowed to see court life at all. In fact, they were almost unknown, even to the queen's ladies-in-waiting, for it was only on rare occasions that they made their appearance for a few moments after dinner.

It must not be thought, however, that the prince had no recreations or pleasures. There was plenty of romping in the gardens of the various palaces, and when eight years of age the prince met his first serious accident. He and the other royal children were playing on a gate, when, losing his hold, the prince fell from the top to the ground and hurt himself considerably. Both his eyes were blackened, his nose was badly bruised and cut, and it was thought for some time that his face would be permanently disfigured. But, fortunately, no bones were broken, and not even a scar has been left.

His favorite game was that of 'soldiers' or 'king of the castle,' and he and his brothers built in the grounds at Osborne a miniature fort, which they took turns to defend.

In 1846 the royal family took a cruise round the coast of Cornwall, and this was the first visit of the Duke of Cornwall (one of the prince's titles) to his duchy. He was entered in the books of the 'Victoria and Albert' as a midshipman, and a middy's uniform was made for him on board.

An amusing story is told of this voyage. Playing on deck with the sailors, the little Prince of Wales had greatly soiled his only white suit; but, not knowing this, his mother ordered him on Saturday to appear in this costume the next morning with the men for prayers. The boy was afraid to tell Queen Victoria that the suit was not fit to wear, and he was terribly worried. But the captain of the vessel found out what was wrong and promised that, after the prince had been put to bed, he would himself wash the jacket and trousers and make them perfectly fit to wear the next morning. The officer carried out his promise. He washed the clothes, dried them by the engine fires, and then, having no mangle or flat iron to smooth out the creases, he sat upon the suit for hours until it was quite presentable.

Occasionally the prince got into scrapes. One day at Osborne he was on the beach when he noticed a boy picking up shells and putting them into a basket. As soon as the boy looked the other way the prince approached to peep into the basket, and in doing so tipped it over. At that moment the fisher boy looked round, and, seeing what had happened, ran up to the prince and punched him. The latter was full of spirit, and, putting up his fists, there was a general turn-to, until one of the gardeners, horrified, ran up and stopped the fight. The prince consort had witnessed the whole affair, but did not think it wise to interfere. Next day the young prince went to the boy and apologized for upsetting his basket, and the lad was amazed and not a little alarmed to learn with whom he had had a fight.

Often the prince used to travel incognito, but it was usually known when he was expected at a certain place. Once, in the west of England, the landlord of an inn received a visit from a gentleman and a youth, and in the latter he felt certain he recognized the Prince of Wales. So, with much obsequiousness, he allotted to him his best bedroom. Later in the day three more travellers arrived and asked for bedrooms. 'I am sorry,' was the reply, 'but I have only beds for two. I can, however, made up a bed for the young gentleman on the sofa in the sitting room.' This was agreed to, but judge of the landlord's chagrin when he learned, the next day, that the youth who had the best bedroom was an unknown commoner, and the one who slept on the sofa was the future king of England!

On one occasion, in his boyhood, King Edward had a narrow escape from losing his life. It was at Osborne, and the lad had accompanied his father with a shooting party. Seeing a bird that had been shot, the boy rushed forward, just as a hare ran across the ground, and Lord Canning, not observing the prince, lowered his gun and took aim at the animal. Fortunately Colonel Grey saw the peril of the heir apparent, and threw himself before him, receiving the charge from the gun in his coat. It was an exceedingly narrow escape, and so great was the emotion of Lord Canning that he fainted there and then in the field.

It may not be generally known that the prince consort had each of his boys taught a trade, and that selected for the king was shoemaking, a craft at which he is said to have become very expert.

At the age of eighteen the prince ceased to be a boy any longer, having attained his legal majority. The queen wrote him a long letter giving him his liberty and declaring that, although she and his father would be ever ready to give their advice when it was sought, he might now consider himself his own master, and would no longer have advice thrust upon him unasked. The letter was so full of tender love and regard that when the prince showed it to General Wellesley, his eyes were filled with tears.—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Good Children.

Once upon a time there came a great famine in Russia. No rain fell for months; the seeds in the earth could not grow. Many people died; and the cattle perished.

The ruler of the empire was a young man. Instead of asking advice of the older men, he foolishly consulted the younger ones. These advised him to drown all the old people in the empire. And the order went forth.

In a certain place were three brothers and their aged father. When the father heard of this command, he said: 'My sons, such is the will of God, and the will of the emperor; let me perish at once, that you may live.'

'No, our own daddy! we may die, but we will not give you up,' cried the good sons, throwing their arms around his neck. 'We will take from our own mouths and nourish you.'

Then the boys took their father into their cottage, dug up the floor, made up a bed under it, and placed the old man there. Giving him a louf of black bread, they covered him over with the floor. There the old man lived, his sons secretly bringing him a share of all they had.

A year passed, and spring came again. It was time to sow, but there was little seed. When people cast it into the earth it rotted there.

Then the three sons went to their father, and asked him, 'Daddy, what shall we do?'

'My sons, strip the old roof of the house; thresh the bundles, and sow the chaff!' The lads stripped the house and barn, and threshed the bundles. When they sowed, God gave His blessing; in a week's time green plants appeared; in two months' time there was corn, ever and ever so much, and all manner of seed was found. There was rye, there were wheat and barley; yes, perhaps there was a plant of buckwheat. Wherever else the people looked the plain was overgrown with grasses and weeds and thistles, but with the good sons the corn was like a forest. How the people marvelled! News of the wonder went over the whole land, until it reached the emperor himself. He ordered the three brothers to appear in the royal presence.

The brothers heard of it and said, 'It will be all up with us!' They went again to the father.

'Daddy, advise us what to do!'

'Go, my sons, and tell the pure truth.'

When the brothers came before their emperor, he inquired threateningly:

'Why, villains, did you hoard up corn when there was such a famine that many people died of hunger? Tell the truth; if not, I shall order you to be put to death.'

The brothers told the story, just as it had been, from beginning to end.

The emperor's brow became smooth, his eyes less stern. He ordered the old father to be brought to sit beside him on his throne, to give him counsel. The sons he rewarded handsomely. The corn he ordered collected ear by ear, and to be rubbed out in men's hands. It was then sent about for seed corn, and the people suffered no more from famine.—'Holiday Magazine.'

Nice to Have Around.

Among the summer visitors that thronged Primrose farm, none were so popular as a maiden of fourteen.

'It is strange what makes everybody like May Stultz so; I am just as good as she is,' said Jennie Dine, enviously.

There was a smile in the eyes of the farmer's wife as she replied, 'May is such a nice little body to have around.'

'And why ain't I, too?' inquired Jennie, in an injured tone.

'Why, you are, certainly, 'smiled the farmer's wife; 'but then May is extra nice. I am always sorry to see her go home. I miss her for months.'

'She has such helpful little ways,' spoke up grandma.

'And don't I help, too?' asked Jennie.

'Why, yes, you are good, too,' said grandma; 'but there is a difference. Watch May, and see how it is.'

So Jennie determined to study May, and when she awoke the next morning and saw

her friend standing before the glass putting the finishing touches to a bit of lace about her throat, it was the first thing she thought of.

'What are you doing up so early?' she asked. 'Isn't breakfast an hour later on Sunday morning?'

'Yes, I know it is, but I don't like to be in a hurry on God's day. Now I shall have time to bring in a few flowers for the table, and some peppermint all wet with dew for poor Mrs. Melvil who has the dyspepsia so, and not keep anybody waiting, either,' and she glided out of the room.

Two hours later, a half dozen guests or more were flitting about the cool, airy bedrooms, getting ready for church.

There was quite a flutter for brushes, combs, shoe hooks and glove buttoners.

One young lady said her back hair looked like a fright; another was in such a hurry that two or three buttons broke from her shoes and went rolling off to one corner, and another was doing her best to draw on a pair of kid gloves.

May Scultz was ready and waiting, but as one after another made some complaint, she went about in a quiet way, helping all she could.

With another hairpin or two she gave entirely another look to Sella Wharton's back hair; she hunted up the lost buttons and brought out some patent fasteners for them; she arranged a lady's veil; she fastened up a skirt that was too long; she buttoned grandma's glove and then left a kiss on the withered cheek, while a girl of twenty cried:

'It is too bad to make such a lady's maid of May.'

'Oh, I like it!' smiled May. 'It is such a comfort to see everybody contented.'

'We couldn't any of us get along without you,' said the farmer's wife, with a meaning smile over to Jennie.

Jennie blushed, for she now understood what made May popular.—'Christian Work and Evangelist.'

A Little Sermon on Houses.

Mr. John Watson once preached to the little children in his church a little sermon on 'Houses.' 'I am going to speak to you,' he said, 'about houses—four houses. First, three, one within another. The first has the sky for a roof, the mountains for walls, the sunlight for windows, the clouds for blinds, the flowers for a carpet, the rivers for its music. The next house may have had six rooms or twelve, it may have had a garden, or it may have looked on the street, but in it your mother moved about, and its music was the sound of her voice. The next house you will recognize when I say it has five doors through which you may go out, and through which many things may enter; one you look through, one you smell through, and one you hear through.

'Then we come to yourself, and we are going to think of some of the rooms in this house. There is a library, with its rows of bookshelves and its air of quiet knowledge; this is your mind, and all that you learn at school, and read, is going to furnish those empty shelves; every one's mind is empty to start with, and if it continues empty, while you are young you will be called silly, and when you grow old you will be called dull. No room is more desolate than one surrounded with gaping shelves, no room more beautiful than a well-filled library.

Then (I am talking as if we were going through an old castle) there is the court-room—a great bare room with the light streaming in, and a raised table at one end, where the judge sits. This is your conscience, and the cleaner this room is kept, the barer, and the stronger the judge who sits here the better for you and for me.

'Then there is the strong room, where no light comes in, with its thick walls and barred iron door, and here are kept the parchments with all the history of the family. This is memory, and here a book is put away each year, that may not be taken out to be altered; but it is a good thing, now and then, to take the parchments up to the big, bare court-room, and there spread them out, where there is plenty of light, and examine them.

'Then there is the picture of imagination, and it is well for us if the walls are hung with pictures of angels and holy things, and there is the church, which is your heart, where you meet with God. You meet with God in any of these rooms, but here, in this room, you must keep Him a holy place apart. Then you may go out upon the roof, and afar off catch a sight of the House Beautiful, our fourth house, which I am not going to try to describe, but which we call our Father's House.'—Selected.

Jack's Drum.

'Oh, where can it come from, that wonderful sound?'
Said little Jack Brown, as he sat on the ground,
With a beautiful drum that his father had sent,
In the hope of his son being filled with content.

Not content with the pleasure the present bestowed,
He would know to what reason that pleasure he owed,
And discovered at last—which no doubt made him cross—
That the knowledge he gained did not cover the loss

'WHERE CAN IT COME FROM, THAT WONDERFUL SOUND?'

'I can't make it out;' and he listened again,
To hear where it came from, but listened in vain;
So he took up a knife, and cut open the skin,
But, of course, when he looked he found nothing within.

'Tis thus with a great many people, I find,
Who search for a reason as if they were blind;
Nor e'er give a thought, be it ever so small,
Till their labor has ended in nothing at all.

—Matthias Barr in the 'Little Folks.'

Seven Minds.

1. Mind your tongue. Never allow it to speak hasty, cruel, unkind, untruthful or wicked words. It was made for something better.

2. Mind your eyes. Do not permit them to look on obscene pictures, or things which suggest evil. There are many things the sight of which will be inspirational.

3. Mind your ears. They should never listen to wicked speeches, improper songs or unholy words. They were made for hearing the harmonies of truth and the sweet voice of God.

4. Mind your lips. Never let anything be foul them, nor strong drink pass them, nor the food of the glutton pass between them. They are for better purposes.

5. Mind your hands. They should never steal nor fight, or be used to write down evil thoughts. Their true use is to lift up the fallen, and to hand out blessings to the needy.

6. Mind your feet. They are not to walk in the paths of sin, nor in any of the steps of Satan. They are to carry you on errands of mercy and labors of love.

7. Mind your heart. The love of sin is to be kept out of it, and Satan is not to have any room in it. It is to be consecrated to Jesus, and he is to make it his throne.—'Friend for Boys and Girls.'

Temperance

Why the Liquor Trade is Being Doomed in the South.

'That the liquor trade has brought this doom upon itself by its reckless violation of law and defiance of public sentiment, is strikingly evident,' says Charles Jones, Prohibition Chairman.

'For years the great South-west was a hustling frontier bonanza for the brewer and distiller. Their crafty advance men invaded every new section, proceeded to plant saloons wherever a town site appeared almost before church or school or merchant had time to get established, and proceeded to ignore every restriction of law or common-sense.

'The result was that the dram shop everywhere began to be an unmitigated nuisance.

'Although adopting the Prohibition policy as a disciplinary measure, the prosperity and happiness of no-license communities quickly taught the people the economic as well as moral value of prohibitory law.

'At first the liquor men were furious and undertook to wreak dire vengeance on the "fanatics" who, they claimed, were driving them out, but they soon found out that, unfortunately for them, the new policy was the result of crystallized popular sentiment, not the mere spasm of a crusade excited by professional or imported reformers.

'That is the exact situation to-day in the South.

'Prohibition of the liquor traffic as a definite political and economical principle has come to stay there, and no party nor politician can expect to remain long in power who does not heartily espouse it.

'In Texas, Prohibition sentiment has grown so strong that United States Senator Culberson, previous to his re-election, last year, felt conditions such that he shocked every liquor boss and saloonist in his party by a radical public denunciation of their business.

'The significant feature of the battle with the saloon which has been proceeding in this State without cessation now for five years is the desperate contest by the liquor trade itself of every inch of ground won by the Prohibition forces. Literally millions of pro-liquor and anti-Prohibition leaflets have been systematically circulated in the State, and thousands of dollars of liquor money spent in a vain attempt to stem the tide by purchasing the negro vote, in holding up local option elections on technicalities, and every other manoeuvre possible to legal ingenuity.

'But instead of making any headway all of this fierce opposition seems to have deepened popular resentment to the saloon, and to-day less than twenty per cent. of the counties of Texas are wholly under license, while more than 150 out of 250 counties are under complete Prohibition, and fifty of the rest are in large part free from the licensed dram shop.'—'Associated Prohibition Press.'

Notes and Notices.

21,000 Farm Laborers Wanted to Harvest Crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. —It is estimated that at least 21,000 farm laborers will be required this season to harvest the crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Although somewhat later than usual, the harvest promises to be a banner one. The Canadian Pacific Railway is organizing a monster excursion from points in the Province of Quebec, to take care of the large numbers who will take advantage of the exceptionally low rate of $12.00. This rate will apply on September 12th only. Full particulars of the excursion can be obtained from the nearest railway ticket agent or on application to Mr. E. J. Hebert, General Agent, Passenger Department C. P. R., Windsor station Montreal.

'The Sacred Cause of a Clear Brain.'

I wish we might have a pocket-folder printed with our reasons for total abstinence, and I offer the following for that purpose:—

(1) Modern science proves that alcohol is not helpful to any vital process. It is the enemy of vitality. It overworks the organs with which it comes in contact, inducing needless friction.

(2) The appetite for alcoholic drinks is cumulative. It has no power of self-restriction. It grows by what it feeds on. One glass calls for two, two for three, and so on in dangerous ratio.

(3) The life of a drinking man is apt to be divided into two chapters of a very tragic serial, in the first of which he could have left off if he would, and in the second he would have left off if he could.

(4) The power of habit is practically omnipotent. The power of will to cope with it has been proved insufficient. The grooves of action are quickly worn. No harm results from doing without alcohol, but absolute good has been proven to result from such abstinence. Therefore, as a friend to myself and the special guardian of my own well-being, I am bound to let intoxicating liquors alone; and, by the terms of Christ's Golden Rule, I am equally bound to let them alone because of my interest in the well-being of those about me, and because of my purpose, by God's grace, to invest my life in hastening the day when all men's weal shall be each man's care.

The beautiful brain can think out an epic, compose a symphony, transfigure a canvas, invent an engine, a telephone, an air-ship. We are in the fight for its freedom and integrity—the holiest fight this side Jehovah's Throne.

An Early Pledge.

It has been shown that the semi-teetotal pledge has been in operation for many years. It will, however, surprise most teetotalers to learn that the whole pledge, which is generally reckoned to date from the early years of the nineteenth century, was taken—we hesitate to say first taken—so long ago as 1637. According to an old Bible in the possession of a Kittering minister, the Rev. Robert Bolton, an ancestor of his wrote and signed on a blank leaf in the Bible, a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drinks 'except the necessity doe require it.' He further declared that 'not angel from heaven (whom I know will not attempt it) shall persuade, not Satan, with all his ould subtleties, nor all the powers of hell itself, shall betray me.' It was evidently what would be called nowadays a Gospel temperance pledge. —Selected.

White Coffin Nails.

The increased use of cigarettes is said to be responsible for the spreading of consumption and cancer. Prof. Boltwood, of the Evanston High School, said in a recent address: 'The use of cigarettes dulls the powers of perception, weakens the faculties, and finally undermines their bodily strength also. A physician told me lately that he had this year attended twelve Evanston boys under 16 years of age who were afflicted with heart trouble, and that every case was due to the excessive use of these white coffin nails, as they have been called. There are also three times as many high school pupils who use tobacco now, as there were a few years ago.'

'I Have Been a Fool.'

'In America,' says Rudyard Kipling, 'I once saw two men make two girls drunk and lead them down a dark street. Then, recanting all previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer than to bring temptation to the lips of folks such as I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said there is no harm in it, taken moderately, and yet my own demand for beer helped indirectly to send those two girls reeling down the dark street to God alone knows what end. It is not good that we should let liquor be before the eyes of our children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary.'

A Temperance Missionary.

Mr. John Makins, superintendent of the Christian Endeavor Seamen's Home, Nagasaki, Japan, is hated as much by the saloon keepers of that port as Elijah was by Jezebel,, and John by Herodias. He boards the transports and men-of-war and persuades the men to come to the Home and drink soda water instead of wasting their money in the saloons. He tells the drunkard of the power of Jesus to save from the appetite for drink, and in many ways cuts down the profit of the grog-shops.—'C. E. World.'

Certainly Not.

A young man once wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes regarding his views of attaining success in life. Among the questions he asked him was this: 'Can a young man who desires success indulge in smoking?' Dr. Holmes replied, 'Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an injurious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed.' Young man, if you would attain success, be not tempted by Delight.

The Indictment of a Man Who Knows.

As a judge I have faced the woes, the trials, the miseries, and broken homes of society caused only by the want of a proper solution of this problem of problems. Thousands and thousands of homes have been broken up, caused by the traffic in intoxicants. I have divorced 4,000 people. I have tried no less than 6,000 children in the past six years. This lamentable social condition is traceable in a large degree to the legalized saloon.—Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Denver, Colo.

Alcohol Does Not 'Keep Out the Cold.'

The last point is, 'Oh, it is an excellent thing when you are cold.' If you are going into the cold air you ought to take a little 'nip' of something. 'It does keep out the cold.' This argument is used so often that even medical men begin to believe it. I myself answer with a quotation from, perhaps, the best authority on this subject, that 'alcohol lowers the temperature by increased loss of heat, and to some extent by lessened oxidization, while the power to resist cold is much reduced by it.' That answers this particular argument, which I can assure you is one of the most potent circumstances under which alcohol is used in this country.—Sir F. Treves.

What Doctor Osler Said.

In a recent address before the Workingmen's College, of London, Dr. Osler said that if all the beer and spirits could be dumped into the sea for a year the people of England would be infinitely better off. He said also that if all the tobacco were dumped into the sea it would be a good thing for the people, but hard on the fishes. When one considers what it costs to produce the alcoholic beverages and the tobacco which a nation consumes, and then reflects that, when the finished product is at hand, it is infinitely better for the people's health to throw it all into the sea than use it for the purposes intended, the wasteful folly of the whole business seems appalling. But if the material waste were the worst of it, that might be borne. What is intolerable is the waste of things which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.—'Maritime Baptist.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Little Maids of Japan.

Travellers in Japan say that the Japanese children are the happiest in the world. It is difficult for us to understand how that can be, because American children are accustomed to a great deal of freedom, and of that, judged by our standard, the Japanese child has very little. Especially is this true of the girls, who are brought up from babyhood

to yield their will to their elders in a way that, while very sweet and beautiful to see, is always a source of astonishment to visitors from abroad.

The Japanese girl of good family spends a great deal of her time playing out of doors, and it is this open-air life which gives her the strong, active little body, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes for which the Japanese women are famous the world over. She is not, as a rule, troubled with many lessons, for much 'book learning' is not considered either necessary or becoming in a woman; but nowadays she is generally taught to read and write, as well as to paint and embroider, and be polite. The Japanese mode of writing is very different from ours. It is done with a bluntpointed stick of wood instead of a pen, and Indian ink is used in the place of the writing fluid familiar to us. The Japanese, like the Chinese and most other Oriental people, begin to write at the bottom of the page instead of at the top, and write up the page instead of across it.

The little Japanese girl is very fond of playing ball, but instead of using only one ball, as an American child would do, she plays with several at a time, tossing them as they fall. Even small children become very expert at this difficult game, and it is very interesting to watch a group of the quaint little people, in their picturesque dresses, as they try to outdo each other in keeping the brightly colored balls flying, laughing and chattering all the while.—'SS. Messenger.'

Neighbors.

It was such a convenient knot-hole—just the right height for Meg. She often went there on sunny days and looked into the big shady garden, with its little flower-beds and neat paths winding in and out among them. And The Curly One and Dimples—Meg named them herself—were almost always there, too.

To-day they were playing hide-and-seek, and the game was growing exciting. All the easy places had been hidden in and the hard ones were not a bit easy to find. Meg's little bare toes dug tiny grooves in the soft earth. It was quite a cold day, and the little bare toes looked blue and shivery. Every now and then they crept up, five at a time, under Meg's scanty petticoats, but they came back almost as blue as ever. Meg did not care, though. She kept one brown eye at the knot-hole. The Curly One was counting fifty, and Dimples was scurrying about, looking anxiously for a place to hide. Meg watched her little black-stockinged legs, and thought how warm they looked; but she could not stop long for that. The Curly One was saying 'thirty-two, thirty-three,' and still no hiding-place. Dimples was quite close to the knot-hole.

'Quick!' Meg whispered, shrilly, wiggling the cold toes excitedly. 'Scooch down an' pull the grape-vines over you—quick!'

'Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four!' The Curly One called, now very slowly.

There was no time to lose. Dimples 'scooched,' and the dry vines crackled and snapped.

She peered out between them, trying to discover who had whispered, but she did not see the brown eye shining through the knot-hole. What a time The Curly One had, trying to find Dimples! Round and round she flew, and Meg had plenty of time to admire her warm-looking black stockings and nimble little boots. When, after a while, they went twinkling past the knot-hole, she felt a sudden wish to help The Curly One, too. 'Under the vines! Under the vines!' she shouted.

The Curly One stopped short at the knot-hole. A blue eye and a brown one looked into each other for a little minute. Then The Curly One said politely, 'Won't you walk in?' Then they both laughed. How could Meg walk in through a knot-hole?

'Go round to the gate,' Dimples said, over The Curly One's shoulder. And that was how Meg got into the beautiful garden at last. Before many minutes a pair of bare blue legs were twinkling in and out among the beds as swiftly and merrily as the warm black ones. By and by, when Meg went away, the little cold toes felt cozy and comfortable in stockings and shoes, and her little heart felt warm and happy, too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Youth's Companion.'

The Leopard With Horns.

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy. And he had always lived in the city, and the only animals he had ever seen were horses, dogs, and cats. But he had heard of leopards, because one of his boy friends told him all about them, and how they had spots on them and they could climb trees and eat people.

Well, one day he went to the country, and in course of time his cousin, who was older than he, helped him into an apple-tree, and then went into the house to get something—maybe it was an apple.

Jimmy was rather alarmed at being alone in the tree, but he managed to stay there. Suddenly he saw a beast come prowling up the road. It was about the size of a leopard, as he imagined, and it was covered with spots even larger than a leopard would have, so it must be

(thought Jimmy) a very awful kind of leopard. And, to make things worse, this leopard had a pair of horns, and large ferocious-looking ears, and every now and then it roared like this: 'Moo-oo, moo-oo!' Jimmy was frightened half to death. But he had the slim hope that the beast would go away without seeing him.

Oh, horrible! The animal came right to the tree, and put its head right up among the branches, and began to sniff. Then it ate an apple. Jimmy was sure that in a moment it would climb the tree after him, so he got up to the top of the tree, though how he did it he couldn't tell the next day. He was weak and white with fear when he reached the top branch. The dreadful beast now came close to the trunk and began to rub up and down! Now he would spring up into the tree, beyond a doubt! But just as Jimmy thought he was crouching for a spring he saw his uncle come out of the house, and he screamed to him, 'Oh, Uncle Ed, save me, save me! This leopard is going to eat me.'

Now, some uncles would have thought the matter a huge joke, but Uncle Ed was not that kind. He knew that to little Jimmy the horned beast was as bad as the most terrible leopard that ever roamed the jungle, and so he went over to the tree and said, 'My boy, your are safe while I am here, because, in the first place, this kind of leopard can't climb a tree, and, in the second place, it isn't a leopard at all, but a cow, and, in the third pace, it is Daisy, our pet cow, and if you will take my word for it, you can ride on her back as if she were a horse.'

There was something in Uncle Ed's voice that had a very calming effect on Jimmy, and inside of two minutes the dreadful leopard that had come to eat him was turned into a good-natured old cow, and he rode her all around the place, holding on to Uncle Ed's hand.—The 'Outlook.'

Fisherman Bennie's Luck.

(M. I. Wilson, in 'The Child's Hour.)

There were almost tears in Bennie's blue eyes and a very suspicious pucker around his mouth, but he was trying very hard to suppress the tears and the pucker, for when one is five years old they don't like to be called 'cry baby.' Tom, Bennie's brother, with two of his friends were going a mile and a-half away to spend the day fishing.

Bennie had never been fishing, and now he wanted very much to go and try his 'luck,' as he heard the boys tell of their catches.

Mother asked Tom if he could not take Bennie, but Tom, who was twelve, and a little selfish, or perhaps just thoughtless, said Bennie would be a bother and get tired before evening, and want to come home before the rest of them were ready. And Tom thought the walk was too far for his small brother.

So Bennie watched them as they went down the street. When they turned the corner, and Bennie could see them no more, he started for the kitchen to be comforted by mother, but before he reached the door he heard a merry whistle from the street, which he recognized at once as belonging to his uncle, Doctor Ben, and he ran out to the buggy.

'Hello, my little man,' said Doctor Ben, 'you are just the fellow I wanted to see. I thought I would take a day off and go fishing, and I came around to find company.'

'Oh, do you mean me, Uncle Ben!' exclaimed Bennie.

'Yes, if mother is willing; run and ask her.' Bennie's mother, hearing her brother's voice, had come to the door, and it did not take Bennie long to tell what Uncle Ben wanted, and mother of course gave her consent.

'Don't look for us before evening,' called the doctor. 'Yes, I have plenty to eat,' and away they drove.

It did not take the doctor's horse long to cover the mile and a-half, and uncle doctor said Bennie's tongue went almost as fast as the horse's feet.

When the horse was cared for, Uncle Ben found a place by shallow water where Bennie could fish, without danger of tumbling in, and in close connection to deeper water where he could cast his line.

When Bennie held the fishing pole for the first time over the water he was just as happy as a little boy can be. He wiggled the line and waited for nibbles; just one tiny nibble would bring joy to his heart—but there was not one. He pretended he was satisfied, for he called to Uncle Ben, 'It's lots of fun fishing, isn't it?'

'Yes,' came the answer, 'got a bite?'

'No; 'spect I'll have one—oh! Uncle Ben come quick; I've got one now.'

Uncle Ben responded immediately, and found Bennie's line fast disappearing. He took hold of the pole, and helped Bennie land his catch, which was a—turtle. Only for a few moments was the little fellow disappointed. Then he said, 'It's better than a fish, isn't it, Uncle Ben, for mamma can't cook it?'

'I think it is,' said Uncle Ben with a merry laugh, 'and I'll bring a bucket from the buggy and fill it with water and put Mr. Turtle into it.' This pleased Bennie, and he did not care to fish any more, but amused himself feeding the turtle.

When dinner time came, Uncle Ben broiled some of his fish, and he and Bennie had a merry feast. Bennie did most of the talking, to the huge delight of Uncle Ben. After dinner Bennie gathered flowers for mother, and it was a tired but happy little man that came home to mother's arms.

And Tom, whose conscience had been uneasy all the day, whispered to Bennie, 'I'll take you the next time I go, if mother is willing.'

Grandmother and Me.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady;
Grandmother dear can't see,
But when she drops things or loses her spectacles,
Grandmother's eyes are—me.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady;
Sometimes she never hears,
But I always run when the postman comes ringing,
I can be grandmother's ears.

Grandmother dear likes houses all tidy,
Everything dusted and neat,
So I work with my little red broom and my duster,
I can be grandmother's feet.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady,
Can't walk, and can't hear, and can't see,
You never could tell, though, the fun we have playing,
Grandmother dear and me.

—Selected.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is September, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Correspondence

Pardy's Island School.

Dear Editor,—I am glad I have the privilege of writing to you. I have been going to school all the winter. I have two sisters and no brother. I have a pet cat. She is black, white and brown. My cat gets up to the looking-glass and looks at herself. She is 12 years old and every morning in the winter she comes to the window.

RHODA FOOTE.

C., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eight years and eight months old and I am in the eighth grade in school. I live on a large farm of six hundred acres. I have three sisters and two brothers. I can answer Etta Riebel's riddle (July 26). Ans.—Cat.

ESTHER LILLIAN MACKICHAN.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Esther.—Ed.]

E. S. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have two sisters and one brother. My eldest sister has been in Boston for seven years, but came home this summer to stay all winter. My father died when I was seven months old. My brother goes fishing. I go to Sunday-school and to week-school. We have holidays now for seven weeks.

LILLIAN PEARL CRAIG.

D. P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have six brothers and one sister. I like to read the letters the little boys and girls send to the 'Messenger.' I am eight years old. There is a summer resort up here. It is called Point Chataqua. The Tourists like it very well, because there is a lot of fish; bas is the most plentiful here. The water lilies are very plentiful up here. There is one place not far from our house where in the spring it is just white with lilies.

ADELIA MINER.

C., N'f'l'd.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl 10 years old, and am in the sixth reader. I go to school all the year round. The schoolhouse is only a few yards from my home. Our teacher is away now on her holidays. We all love her dearly. I don't take the 'Messenger,' and never saw one until I came to visit my auntie, and her little boy Freddie takes them. I like them that much I can't help reading them. I am in hopes before long they will fold their wings at my own door. I take music lessons. My papa bought an organ last year. I have one sister and three brothers. I haven't any pets, but cousin Fred. has three sea gulls and he is going to give one to my little brother. I will close with a puzzle. What is the meaning of the following: j x . . . . . 2 meet 6 U 7 2 night.

E. J. REID.

E. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have one brother and one little sister. We are living now with my grandpa, as papa is getting a new house built. We are in hopes that we will be back home in October. I have two grandpas and two grandmas living close together. My papa is fishing out of Boston. The vessel's name is Gertrude. I have 19 cousins; four live in Boston and the rest live in Nova Scotia. Two of my cousins have been visiting me.

MINNIE M. GOODWIN.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm four miles from the city of Belleville. There is a lot of traffic on this road. We had a Sunday School excusion to Picton and Glenora. There is a lake on the mountain at Glenora. This lake's water is so clear that you can see to the bottom of it. It has no inlet or outlet, and nobody has yet found out where it gets its water. There is a big hole in the middle of it. The boat stopped there twice. Some of the people stayed at this lake while the boat went on to Picton. While we were climbing up the mountain we could find lots of berries. One boy got into a hornets' nest and got stung.

SELINA POUND.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I live on a farm of fifty acres. We have a nice maple grove on our farm. My little brother and I are visiting at my grandma's and we like it very much. eW have a colt, but we have not named it yet.

CLIFFORD A. HAINES.

N., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I live on a homestead in Saskatchewan. My father came out here three years ago. There were very few settlers here then. Our farm was forty miles from town when we came out here; now there is a small town just sixteen miles from it. The railroad is four miles from our place. The trains are not running yet. We expect they will be this fall.

EDITH McMAHON (aged 13).

S. B., Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school and am in the senior second reader. We have a man teacher this summer and like him very much. I have a little pony named Tommy. I like him very much. My brother Howard and I are trapping gophers. Papa has promised a cent a piece for all the gophers we catch. I often go in bathing in the creek which flows across our place. We have great fun in it. We live on the open prairie. It is lovely and warm in the summer, but very cold in the winter.

RALPH WAUGH.

A., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—We live quite near the church, and I go to Sunday School. I have one sister and two brothers. My papa is a carpenter, and we keep the post office. I go to school all the time, but we are having summer holidays now, and I enjoy them very much. Every Christmas we have an examination and entertainment, and nearly every year a Christmas tree, and we have a lovely time. The last three years I got first prize for best attendance, three nice books.

HELDA PANSY BURHOE (aged 13).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Glass with Flowers.' Edna A. Waugh, S., Assa.

2. 'A Rabbit.' Gertrude L. Dunphy (aged 13), O., Man.

3. 'Our House.' Stewart Pelley, G.B., N'f'l'd.

4. 'A Lady.' Myrel Cox (aged 13), A., Ont.

5. 'A Summer Scene.' Ellen Evans, B., Ont.

6. 'A Cow.' Zella Brown (aged 12), C., Ont.

7. 'Among Scotland's Hills.' 'Young Toronto,' aged 13.

8. 'Lighthouse.' Selina Pound, C., Ont.

9. 'Grapes.' Amy Brown (aged 11), C., Ont.

10. 'Circus Elephant.' Joe E. Moses (aged 8), C. N.Y.

11. 'A Girl.' Violet D. Hoy, D., P. Que.

OTHER LETTERS.

Florence Ferguson, N.I., N.S., says 'we are busily employed at haymaking.' Good fun isn't it, for the small folks, Florence? Florence answers Stewart's McCutcheon's first riddle and sends this one on her own account:—What city is three-sevenths of a chicken, two-thirds of a cat, and one-half of a goat?

May Hadley, H., Ont., answers Mary Allen Dorset's riddle (August 30). The 24 white calves are your teeth and the red cow is your tongue. Six cats in your home, May? However do you keep from treading on their tails?

Traviss Joe Hadley is May's brother. He says they have been having 'very cold weather.' Not quite as bad as that surely. So you are off to the West; well, good luck to you, Traviss.

Lillian Augusta Sutton, C., N.S., praises the drawings. These are two riddles she sends: 1. Why is the fly the tallest of all insects? 2. Why is the man with a wheelbarrow always successful in life?

Gertrude L. Dunphy, O., Man., sends a riddle also: Why do regular soldiers never run away? We hope you will like Canada better soon, Gertrude, but ite right to remember old friends.

Hattie Borrowman, A., Ont., wants the 'members to think a little,' so she sends the circle riddles: 1. Why does a piebald pony never pay toll? 2. Why need France never fear an inundation? Others you send have been asked before, Hattie.

Leonard Laycock, P., Alta., tells about the good times they have at school. You don't believe in 'all work and no play,' do you Leonard? Glad you like your teacher.

Myrel Cox, A., Ont., sends a very good drawing with her little letter. Write a longer letter next time, Myrel.

Stewart Pelley, G.B., N'f'l'd., writes a nice little letter, but as his drawing was on the back of it, one of the two had to be left out. Stewart wanted his drawing to go in. Keep your letter and drawing separate next time, Stewart.

A Good List.

Any reader of this advertisement may earn any one of the following premiums by selling the required number of 'Canadian Pictorials' at ten cents a copy, and sending us the proceeds.

Sell 18 and get No. 1 size camera; pictures, 2¼ x 2¼.

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N.B.—This offer is not good for Montreal or suburbs, but Montreal boys away on their vacation may earn their premium by selling the 'Pictorial' at any seaside or summer resort in Canada.

HOUSEHOLD.

Parenthood.

These are the years our God
  Lays down, and nothing loth,
His sceptre and His rod,
  As He were tired of both,
Bids men and women take
  His empire for awhile,
To ban, to bless, to make
  The children weep or smile.

'All powers be yours,' He saith,
  'Over My little ones;
The power of life and death
  The power of clouds and suns,
The power of weal and harm
  Be yours to have and hold;
In you they shall go warm,
  In you be pinched with cold.

'But for these God-like years
  Ye shall not know the intense
Pang beyond prayers and tears
  Of your love's impotence.
Be yours to make or mar
  This lovely thing I wrought,
With love brought from afar,
  And My eternal thought.

'This fashioned I of joy,
  Much hope, without a stain,
Pure gold without alloy,
  Redeemed in Mine own pain;
For this the wine-press trod,
  Red-sanguined to the knee.
'Afterward,' said our God—
  'Ye will account to Me;

'For every needless tear,
  For all the smiles unsmiled,
For every lonely wrong and fear
  Brought on My little child,
Myself will enact the fee—
  A God of wrath and scorn;
Better that day that ye
  Were dead ere ye were born!'

Contrariwise—His wrath
  Our Lord God put away—
'Your watchful care till death
  I will repay, repay!'
'Lord of the skies and lands,
  Take pity on Thy dust,
Strengthen our mortal hands,
  Lest we betray Thy trust.'
—'The Living Age.'

My Lady's Plumes.

You observed the hat of the lady who walked in front of you down the fashionable part of the main street the other day. . . You have not noticed, perhaps, that on my lady's hat are some tall, pliant plumes, long as those of the ostrich, but far more beautiful, with delicate filaments as light as frost work on a winter window. . . .

These long, filmy plumes on my lady's hat are the plumes of the white egret. Naturally, they are pure white, . . . but pure white not being barbaric enough for the use of civilization—though it used to serve Southern Indians who wore these plumes—they are dyed any color of the rainbow, losing thereby none of their gracefulness and only some of their beauty.

My lady's hat, if worn too long, will lose its purpose and cease to attract. She must therefore change it. The plumes in the new hat must be of different color. For these new plumes she looks to her milliner. The milliner looks to the great wholesale supply house of the metropolis. The wholesale supply house looks—and with much anxiety, these days—to Thomas Jones, market shooter, or technically, speaking, plumage hunter.

Thomas Jones knows where there is an egret roost, or as he will call it, a 'white crane roost.' Really, he does not mean a roost so much as a nesting-ground, where thousands of birds nest in a small tract of the isolated wet forest or 'dead-tree swamp.' Such rookeries were once common in Florida, but are so no longer. Thomas Jones may know of one in Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas, and holds himself fortunate if he does, for they are scarce enough to-day. . . .

Mind you, the plumage hunter does not go into the roost until spring has well advanced. When he reaches the roost the low trees, bushes and grassy brush clumps are full of nests, and the nests are or soon will be full of young birds. The busy life of the colony goes on. The parents come and go, travelling no one knows how far to get food for the gaping young birds in the nest. Thomas Jones notes the high, projecting snag of the tallest tree near the edge of the colony. There is a white crane on that limb. It seems to him there always is one there. In short, it is a habit of the bird to alight on the highest branch offering itself.

Out of the thousands of nests in the vast colony, how can the parent egret pick its own nest, since all look so much alike? Thomas Jones often wonders about that, and sometimes laughs a little to himself. The parent egret has been out after food, and returns to the colony. Without a second's hesitation he picks out his own nest, and pauses for an instant directly above it, high up in the air. Then he lets his long legs drop straight down, and throwing his wings up, just falls down through the air, feet first, in the most comical and awkward-looking way in the world, though he never misses his nest by an inch, but lands just where he wanted to. As he thus backs downstairs out of the air, his long plumes, attached in a little clump at his shoulders and spreading out over his back as far down as the longest tail feathers, flare up in the air, reversed and standing up over his head as he drops, as a white garment would in the resistance of the air.

On these plumes Thomas Jones fixes his eye. He shoots an egret and satisfies himself that the plumes are 'ripe,' i.e., in their prime condition. Then he builds his camp on the best ground he can find near by, and the next day is ready to go to work.

Surely Thomas Jones is not going to kill these birds right in the nesting season, when the helpless young are in the nest, and must die also if their parents die! That cannot be possible! you say. Yet that is precisely what he is going to do. It is not his fault, he will tell you, that the plumes are not good in the fall, winter or early spring, and are not prime until the height of the breeding season. Here are the plumes, found at much labor, reached at much danger, says Thomas Jones, blind and deaf—further than that, and there is the price offered me for them, perhaps $40 an ounce, or perhaps as low as $140 a pound. Is this right to kill these birds at this time? I am not clear that we should ask this question any more of Thomas Jones than of the wholesale milliners' supply house, or of the retail milliner, or of every lady on the street. Only the fact remains, pitiless, horrible, unspeakable, that the gathering of the plumes is a harvest of death, a harvest untimely, disastrous, because it is reaped at the sowing time of life. Every egret killed for its plumes is killed when it is helpless through its blind, natural love for its offspring, and when its death means the death of all its helpless young. Does the wholesale man know this? Does he care? Does anybody know or care? Is it not the one thing to be remembered, that my lady must have her plumes, . . . White—they are white, these plumes. It is mockery. They should be the blackest sable, and they should stain black the white fingers that caress them.

But Thomas Jones cannot stop to argue. The next day he pushes quietly into the edge of the nesting ground. He ties his boat firmly within easy range of the tall snag he saw the day before. He takes out his rifle—the .22 shot will make no noise, and it will serve his purpose perfectly. There is an egret on the tall snag. Taking a steady aim, Thomas Jones fires, and the bird whirls down, dead. One or two other birds start on their perches in the same tree, but settle back. One by one they, too, whirl out and lie in a white tangled mass at the foot of the tree. An egret raises herself up above the rim of the nest on which she sits, and the tiny bullet pierces her. She whirls down, lying white and motionless. The little ones gape and cry, but no food comes. The father was killed on the tree near by. One by one, out of the nests, off from the limbs of the trees, here, there, anywhere—for the birds are all about, and so stupid with the breeding fever that they will not leave—the slender white birds meet their doom. That tall snag has yielded twenty victims. Thomas Jones has not moved from his boat. He has over 200 birds down. He can tell by his cartridge boxes, for he rarely misses a shot. It is easy shooting.

After noon Thomas Jones goes out and gathers up his spoils. A cut of the knife and the clump of plumes is off. The carcass of the egret is left lying. Two hundred carcasses of egrets are left lying. That many more to-morrow. Many more than that the next day, for by that time the wailing of the dying young of the first day's victims will have ceased. From then on, day by day, increasing in three-fold ratio, the harvest of death goes on, steadily, pitilessly, on the sowing grounds of life, out in the silent wilderness where the birds have tried to hide their homes.

In less than a month it is over. The long white lines no longer cross the country going to and from the feeding grounds. The white forms no longer appear on the naked trees. Doubly naked the forest stands in silent desolation. Sodden and discolored the once white forms below the trees are sinking into the slime. From beneath the trees and from the nests up in the trees a great stench goes up. Not a bird, young or old, is left alive. The old ones stayed till death came, bound by the great instinct of nature to remain with their young.

Jones, a little yellow, but not sick, for he is a healthy man, packs up his feathers carefully and hies him to the railway for a swift and secret journey out of the country. He wonders where he can find another roost next year. Behind him is desolation.—'Forest and Stream.'

Selected Recipes.

DELICIOUS JUNKET.—For a delicious junket beat one quart of milk to the temperature of new milk (98 deg. Fahr.), add one desertspoonful of rennet, or one of Hansen's junket tablets, and leave absolutely undisturbed till set. Spread some whipped or clotted cream over it, and dust with grated nutmeg or cinnamon and castor sugar, and serve. When properly set junket should cut quite clean.

RICE MERINGUE.—A good cold pudding is rice meringue. Wash 1-4 pound of rice, stew it gently in 1 1-4 pints of milk till tender—it till take about half an hour—keep it well stirred; let it cool, then stir in 1 1-2 ounces of butter, 2 ounces of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt, the grated rind of a small lemon, and the beaten yolks of four large eggs. Put the mixture into a well-buttered dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, mix them with 1-4 pound of powdered sugar and a pinch of arrowroot; spread this lightly over the pudding with a knife. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven. The pudding can be varied by putting a layer of jam or stewed fruit at the bottom of the dish, in which case only half the quantity of rice will be required.

FRUIT SPONGE.—A light tidbit is fruit sponge. Peaches, plums, or any other fruit are peeled, sliced, and placed in a glass dish. Cut sponge fingers in two, and place over the fruit; then another layer of fruit and another of fingers. Pour cream over, or, if preferred, whip the cream and pile it on the top. Custard can be used instead of cream.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE.—Put 2 1-2 ounces of chocolate powder into a pan, with one pint of milk, 1 1-2 ounces of leaf gelatine, and sugar to taste; stir until the two last ingredients are melted; strain into a basin, and when nearly cold, add the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs, and whisk as before; put it into a china mould and serve, when set, with whipped cream.

RHUBARB ROLY-POLY.—Make a good dough as for baking powder biscuit, using three cups of flour. Roll it out about an inch thick. Chop some rhubarb quite fine, and before it is taken from the chopping bowl pour over it some boiling water and drain it thoroughly without letting it stand. Sprinkle liberally with sugar, although not

nearly the same quantity would be needed that would be necessary if the rhubarb had not been scalded. Roll up the same as jelly cake and steam or put in a pudding bag and boil. This will, with an ordinary fire, require about three-quarters of an hour to cook. In serving, cut in slices and pass with it any good liquid sauce. The sauce should be made quite sweet.

FOR LUNCHEON.— Scrambled eggs with tomatoes make an appetizing luncheon dish. Take two good-sized tomatoes, peel, and cut them in pieces, and fry them in a little hot olive oil. When cooked, drain off the liquid, and take four eggs well beaten, add some cream, and scramble. Mix the tomatoes with the eggs, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. Serve on thin slices of toast.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Mix a cup of soft bread crumbs with two cups of milk; boil and beat till smooth; add a large tablespoonful of butter, as much cocoa and sugar, and a half teaspoonful of vanilla. Take from the fire and add the yolks of three eggs, beaten, and fold in last the beaten whites. Put into a buttered baking-dish and bake about twenty minutes in a warm oven. Serve hot with scream.

A Few Qualities Which go to Make a Good Wife.

Tucked away in the depths of every girl's heart is the thought that some day she will marry the man of her choice and live happy ever after. There is nothing to be ashamed of in this—a woman's thoughts turn to love and marriage as naturally as a flower to the sun.

But even though it is so often in a girl's mind, one doubts sometimes whether she realizes what it all means. Even at the altar the solemnity of the vows she makes weighs but lightly on her mind. She loves the man and means to make him a good wife, but her ideas of the duties of a wife are of the vaguest.

The woman who is a good wife and mother is filling the highest vocation that is granted to woman. There is no career equal to it. We do best that which we are most naturally fitted for, and every true woman should be at her best when fulfilling the duties of wife and motherhood.

The good wife should be her husband's comfort, strengthening him when he is weak, walking proudly with him in success, giving him tenderest love and sympathy in adversity. She should spend his money wisely, remembering that every penny represents work and thought on his part. His good name she should hold more precious than gold.

Many a man has lost heart and courage simply because he could not keep pace with the demands of his wife. The young woman finds it hard to realize that she cannot have all the luxuries she had in her father's house. Even if she does not actually complain, she looks hurt and surprised when the husband hints that expenses are running a little too high. He loves her and wants her to have as many pretty clothes and comforts as she has been accustomed to, and that is the beginning of the trouble. Try to remember, girls, that if you wish to help your husband to success, you must be content with small beginnings.

You can either be the guiding star and helpmate of a man's life, or you can be a clog and drawback, dragging him to failure. So, when you are building your castles in the air, add a practical touch to your day-dreams by asking yourselves: 'How am I preparing myself for this happy dream should it come true? Am I training myself to fit this vocation properly, or am I just frittering away my time, an idle butterfly, with no practical attainments—a mere drawing-room ornament?'

If you want to make good wives, you must know something about the practical side of life. Married life is not all romance, you know; after the first glamor has worn off there will be many hours when the sordid side of life is uppermost, and love seems perilously near flitting. Your husband, absorbed by business cares, will not always remember to kiss you and tell you he loves you, and that you keep house beautifully. Then is your chance to prove the stuff of which you are made.—The 'Young Women.'

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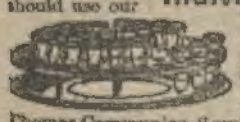

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